One Day Babysitter

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Summary: Shreya wanted to teach daya a lesson that handling the tantrums of a small kid is not an easy task, She intentionally left their 3 year old daughter with daya. See what happens when daya had to turn into a babysitter for one day. nothing special, just a random OS. I promise you will surely be entertained.

One Day Babysitter

~~~ One Day Babysitter ~~~

Daya was making a report on his laptop. He had scattered lots of files around him.

His 3 years old daughter Diya was playing on the bed. The little girl was trying to make a plane from a paper, but she was too young to successfully fold the paper to give it the shape of a plane. Finally she decided to ask her father for a help. She descended down the bed holding the paper and approached Daya. She caught his shirt and pulled him.

"Papa... Plane banao na, meto ulana hai" _She said scratching his shirt with her tiny fingers. The cute girl amused her father with her lisps. But he was too busy to play with her_.

"Beta, papa kaam kar rahe hai na, aap mumma ke paas jao, mumma aapko plane bana ke degi, ok" _daya said running his fingers on the keyboard. He didn't even look at her._

"No...papa... Aap banao Mela plane." _Diya said shouting at him._

"Offo... Diya, beta don't disturb me. Go and play outside. Shreya... Shreya, please dekho jara diya kya bol rahi hai!" _Daya called shreya to handle the matter_.

Shreya entered the room with a coffee mug in her one hand and her cell phone in another. She was talking to her mother.

"Mummy aap bhi na, humesha papa pe chillati rehti ho, kabhi to unki baat maan liya Karo. Ab main waha roj roj aakar aap dono ke jhagde suljhaun kya." _She said to her mother giving the coffee mug to daya and left from there without paying any attention to what daya said._

"Papa...papa... Plane banao na..banao na" _diya again started shouting at daya._

Daya was annoyed, "are yaar, ye shreya bhi na, hat waqt phone pe chipki rehti hai, pata nahi kitni baate hoti hain in aurato ke paas khatam hi nahi hoti. Beti ko sambhalne ko bol raha hu to maa ko sambhalne me lagi hui hai." _He turned to diya and took the paper from her hand._

He started folding the paper. Diya was very keenly observing her father. She was trying to learn the art of making a paper plane. Meanwhile daya got a call from abhijeet. He kept the paper aside and took the call. He was busy in chatting with abhijeet that he totally forgot about diya and the plane. While talking he stood up and moved towards balcony, lLeaving diya alone near his study table.

_Diya looked at the paper. Instead of making a plane from it daya had distorted the paper by folding it randomly. Diya frowned at him; she grabbed the paper and threw it away. She needed a new sheet of paper for her plane. She glanced at daya's files. She took one of them and started plucking out the pages. _

Soon daya returned but what he found there was something which left him dumbstruck. Diya had split up his most important file beautifully into pages turning it completely into a rag.

"Diyaaaa..." _Daya squealed making the little girl almost to jump on her feet_. "ye kya kiya aapne? Oh shit!" _He took the distorted pages in his hands and checked if its data and information is still safe. It was safe but of course was in worst condition. It made daya to pull his own hair in frustration. Diya was watching his expressions confusingly, she had no idea why he is going mad, until daya turned to her. He held her by her shoulders and started yelling at her._

"Maine aapse bola tha na bahar Jake khelo. Aapko samajh me nahi aata papa kya bol rahe hain. Chalo ab utho yaha se. Get out from here. Jaiye aap yaha se." _He said pushing her outside angrily._

Diya had never seen this angry look of her sweet 'papa'. She was bewildered by his reaction. Soon her wide black eyes got filled with tears and she started crying loudly.

"Mumma..." _She called shreya while crying._

Hearing the chaos shreya rushed towards the spot. She was shocked seeing Diya crying and daya yelling at her. Diya ran to shreya and hugged her tightly. Shreya took her into her lap and turned to daya.

"Daya, what's your problem? Aise kyun chilla rahe hain aap? Ye koi

tareeka hai itni choti si bachhi se baat karne ka. Look, she is scared of you. ro rahi hai wo." _Shreya scolded daya and turned to diya_, "aww... Mela baby.. Mela good gal, stop crying. Diya don't cry, right? Shhh... Nahi rote aise baby."

"Oh come on, shreya, just see that kya kiya tumhari beti ne, itni important file ko kachra bana diya. Kal hi report Deni hai ACP sir ko mujhe, ab kya karu main?" _Daya yelled at shreya showing the condition of the file._

"Why you are so panicked. You can still recover the data. Just stop shouting please!" _Shreya said glaring at him. Diya was still crying hugging shreya._

"Oh, really? You think it's that easy? Leave it, just take your daughter and get lost. You both are good for nothing." _Daya said collecting the papers._

"Daya, aap mujhpe kyun chilla rahe ho? Ek chota sa plane bana ke nahi de sakte the aap use. Galti khud ki aur chilla rahe hain mujhpe." _Shreya said patting Diya's head to stop her from crying._

"Just shut up ok! Maine tumhe bola tha diya ko dekhne ke liye, lekin tumhe apni maa se fursat nahi, beti ko kya sambhalogi. Shreya, aakhir tum ghar pe baithke sara din karti kya ho? Ek choti si bachhi ko sambhal nahi sakti tum?" _Daya said losing his temper_.

_It was enough for shreya. She approached daya with fast steps and came in front of him. _

"What did you just say daya? Main ghar pe baithe karti kya hu? Huhh.. I am not a bloody housewife daya. I sacrificed my job, my carrier and decided to stay at home so that you can proudly do your job. Kya diya sirf meri beti hai? Aapki kuch nahi? Use sambhalna sirf meri duty hai aapki nahi? Huhh... Whatever, but I warn you, don't drag my mom into this." _She yelled at him and turned to diya_, "chalo diya, hum bahar ghoomne chalte hain, aapke papa ka na dimag kharab ho gaya hai." _She said and moved out with diya. _

Daya held his head in his hands and sat down on the chair heaving a sigh, totally frustrated.

Shreya discussed the whole matter with her mom.

"Kya? Daya ne aisa kaha?" _Her mother asked surprisingly._

"Han mummy, ab aap hi batao, kya diya ko sambhalna daya ki bhi utni hi responsibility nahi hai jitni meri? Kya chote bachho ko sambhalna itna asaan hota hai?" _Shreya said a bit disappointedly._

"Shreya, relax, agar daya ko lagta hai ki chote bachho ko sambhalna bachho ka khel hai to ek din ke liye diya ko sambhalne do use , akele. Phir baat Karna usse!" _Shreya's mother suggested._

"You're right mummy, ab to yahi Karna padega. Daya ko batana hi padega ki chote bachho ko sambhalna kise kehte hain." _Shreya said with an evil plan on her mind and disconnected._

**2 Days later**

Daya was on leave today. He was sleeping peacefully. Meanwhile shreya came to him with diya.

"Daya uthiye" _shreya said shaking him by his shoulder._

"Hmm..kya hai shreya, sone do na" _daya mumbled in sleepy voice._

"Bas bahut so chuke aap! 9 baje rahe hain, uthiye diya ko sambhaliye. Aaj wo sara din aap ke sath rahegi. Mujhe bahar Jana hai." _Shreya said applying her favourite lipstick on her lips._

"Kaha ja rahi ho?" _Daya asked opening his one eye._

"Bataya to tha kal sham ko. Wo Kavya auntie thi na, mummy ki friend, unki death ho gayi. Aaj unka funeral hai. Ab waha Diya ko le jana to theek nahi hoga na." _Shreya said applying mascara._

Daya got up and glared at her from head to toe. "Are you sure, tum funeral me ja rahi ho? Itna makeup?" _He asked rubbing his eyes._

"Oh please daya, kavya auntie ko makeup Karna bahut pasand tha, unhone khud mujhse kaha tha ki unke funeral me sab full makeup me hi aaye. Ab last wish to puri karni hi padti hai na." _Shreya said wearing her high heels._

Daya sighed, "you and your relatives!"

"You said something?" _Shreya asked_

"Na...nothing... You go" _daya said smiling._

"Ok, main nikalti hu. Diya, come baby, give me a kissi." _Shreya said forwarding her arms towards diya. Diya came to her and both mother daughter exchanged kisses_.

"Muahhh.." _Shreya kissed diya on her cheeks_, "bye bye diya, be a good girl. Papa ko jyada pareshan mat Karna ok, mumma sham ko aayegi." _She said and stood up to go._

"Bye bye... Diya loves you mumma.." _Diya said waving her hands._

"Mumma loves you too baby." _Shreya said again kissing her and turned to go._

"Sirf diya ko kissi? Diya ke papa ko kuch nahi... Very bad han!" _Daya said naughtily looking at shreya_.

"Oho... Aap bhi na..." _Shreya came to him and planted a soft kiss on his cheeks_. "Abhi khush? Jaun main?" _Shreya said smiling and left._

She stopped at the door and turned to diya, "diya, papa ko dobara sone mat dena. Pata hai na kya Karna hai?" _Shreya said winking at diya._

The little girl understood her mother's signal and she too winked at her.

"Ye kya chal raha hai tum dono ka han? Kya ishare ho rahe hain?" _Daya asked confusingly looking at both of them._

"Kuch nahi, you just take care han, best of luck daya, bye." _Shreya said and left._

As shreya went, daya pulled the sheet and lied down again to sleep. But diya too was ready. She pulled the sheet and sat on his stomach.

"Papa... No sleeping" _she said glaring at him._

Daya looked at her with puppy eyes, "diya, meri doll, meri princess, bas 2 minute sone do na papa ko pleaseeeeee!" _Daya said pleading to her but the next moment he received a tight slap on his right cheek from diya._

_His eyes popped out. He held her cheek and looked at diya. _

"Diya, aapne papa ko Mara?" _He asked holding his cheek._

"Mumma ne bola tha, jab papa sone lage to unko slap Kalna, Jaise papa Gundo ko kalte hain." _Diya said lisping with so much innocence.._

Daya was shocked, "baap re! Beta aisa thappad to aapke papa ko bhi marna nahi aata. Anyway, sona nahi to kya karu meri maa?" _Daya said pulling her cheeks._

"Idea, papa... talo na hum showel showel khelte hain."_diya suggested a new game._

"Umm you mean, shower, right? Ok let's go."

Daya got up and took her in his arms and headed towards bathroom.

Both enjoyed the shower and played with bubbles in the bathtub.

Meanwhile some traces of soap entered diya's eyes, producing a sharp inflammation. She started crying.

"Aaahhh...papa...aaahh.."

_Daya was panicked. He sprinkled water on her face and washed her eyes. _" shhhh...diya, nothing happened, its ok babu... Its ok.."

"Aaaahhh..." _Diya continued crying and rubbing her eyes._

"Diya, let me see... Papa sab theek kar denge na, papa ko dikhao." _Daya again sprinkled clean water on her face and hardly made her silent. Diya was relived, so daya didn't want to let it happen again._

"Ok diya, abhi ho gaya nahana. Ab hum breakfast karne chalte hain." _He said wrapping her into towel._

"No...papa aapko nahi aata, mumma aiche kalti hai." _Diya said and told daya how shreya wraps towel._

"Achha theek hai, ye lo mumma ki tarah kar diya, ab chalen." _He said and picked her up in his arms and came outside_.

He made her sit before TV.

"Aap baithkar cartoon dekho, papa kitchen me ja rahe hain, and no shaitani ok!" _Daya warned her and moved to kitchen._

"Ok...mela Junial holics." _Diya asked for her drink._

"Han aapka junior Horlicks bhi milega. Chup chap baitho." _Daya said and went inside kitchen._

Here diya was flipping the channels. Soon daya returned with diya's Horlicks and coffee for himself. He took the remote and tuned to a sports channel. He started enjoying the match, but diya protested to change the channel back. She started hitting daya on his arms.

"Papa... Caltoon lagao...diya ko ye nahi dekhna." _She said jumping into his lap._

"Ok ok... Lagata hu, just sit here." _He said and changed the channel back._

Just then he again got a call from abhijeet. Diya saw the photo of abhijeet flashing on daya's cellphone.

"Papa... Abhiteet uncle phone kal lahe" _she said giving the cellphone to daya smartly._

"Oh thank you beta" _he took the cellphone and got busy in talking with abhijeet._

Diya finished her cup of Horlicks. Now she spotted daya's coffee mug, which was still filled. She grabbed the cup and brought near her mouth. But the mug was too hot to handle. Diya accidentally spilled the hot coffee on herself, and started crying.

"Papaaaa..."

Daya turned to her, "kya hua? Oh no..., abhijeet, yaar I talk to you later, diya ne khud pe coffee gira liya." _He disconnected the call and rushed to diya._

"Kisne kaha tha aapko coffee mug uthane ko. Dekho, aap jal gaye na. Kapde bhi gande kar diye. Come with me." _He took her to the bathroom, cleaned her skin and then took her in the room to change her cloths._

He opened her wardrobe and picked a red printed T-shirt and short. But diya refused to wear it. Daya selected some more dresses but she discarded all of them.

"Oh God! Kapdo ke mamle me ye bilkul shreya pe gayi hai. 4 ghante lagte hain dono ko dress select karne me." _He murmured and picked a pink puffy cotton frock. _

She liked it and daya took a sigh of relief.

"Yeah, you're looking so pretty.." _He kissed her cheeks softly_, "ab aap chalo, ye crayon pakdo aur apni painting banao. I am going to prepare lunch." _He made her engaged with some crayons and her drawing book and went to prepare lunch._

Diya made her cute drawings and daya made the food for lunch. He made her to eat the food and then left her alone to play.

Daya was tired and felt sleepy. He looked at diya who was busy with her toys. He knew that if he told her that he is going to sleep, she will never let him to do so. So he said nothing and just went and lied down on the couch. He closed his eyes and was relaxing when a loud volume of TV fell into his ears. He looked at diya and found her dancing before TV.

"Diya beta, volume kam kariye. Its not good for your ears." _Daya shouted still lying on the couch._

Diya heard him and came near him.

"Papa, dance kalo na please." _She demanded sweetly._

"Dance? Beta papa ko dance nahi aata, aap mumma ko aane do, phir mumma ke sath milkar dance Karna, ok." _He said sweetly patting her cheeks._

Diya caught his shirt, "no...diya ko papa ke sath dance kalna hai.. You don't love me " _she said making a face._

"No dear, I love you, but I don't know how to dance beta!" _Daya said cupping her face_.

Diya jerked his hand, "no you don't love me!" _And she started crying_.

"No diya... Not again... Please don't cry, I'll dance for you." _Daya said finally giving up._

Diya smiled and caught his hand. She dragged him near the TV. Diya's favourite song was on TV. It was hard for her to stop her feet from moving.

**Sari kudiyan...deshi chidiyan...**

**Sari kudiyan...deshi chidiyan...**

**Club ki main bulbul...**

**Main Ladki beautiful kar gayi chull...**

While diya was beautifully following Aliya's each and every step. Daya was feeling like dizziness. But he was swaying slowly.

The song ended and daya took a sigh.

"No...papa... Aliya chali gayi...aliya ko bulao na...diya ko dance kalna hai..." _Diya demanded jumping on her feet._

"Offo... Beta Aliya thak gayi hai, wo sone gayi hai. Abhi wo wapas aayegi na dance karne to phir hum bhi dance karenge, ok, tab tak chalo hum bhi so jate hain." _Daya said turning off the TV._

Though diya was not convinced but still she followed daya.

"Offo...shreya, kaha ho tum, ab bahut ho gaya, I need you! Please jaldi aa jao. Kaise sambhalti ho sara din tum is ladki ko." _Daya felt like crying._

He recalled a beautiful moment with shreya before their marriage. During a case they found a baby and daya took him to his home. Later shreya too joined him to help him to take care of the baby. (**Guys, remember? Of course, I am talking about, "baby in danger", one of my favorite episodes)**

"_**Shreya main bade bade criminals ko pakad sakta hu, par chote bachho ko sambhalna thoda mushkil kaam hai"**_

**"Sir aap kuch bhi kar sakte hain, bade bade criminals ko pakad sakte hain, chote bachho ko sambhal sakte hain, bas jarurat hai to apne andar sote huye us daya ko jagane ki, jiska dil mom ke jaisa hai."**

A sweet smile crept on daya's lips recalling that moments. That time how badly he wanted to have their own baby. He went to the bed and made diya lay beside him.

"Diya please aap so jao, papa ko bhi sone do. I promise, hum thodi der baad uthkar dance karenge, aliya ke song pe." _He said patting her back to make her sleep._

"Ok.." _Diya said and hugged his chest with her tiny arms and slept._

Soon daya fell asleep but diya was still awake. She got up and descended down the bed. She was alone and getting bore. She went to shreya's dressing table and opened her makeup kit. She loved doing shreya's makeup, but she was nowhere. Diya missed her. She looked at daya and a smile formed on her lips.

She took the makeup kit and moved to daya.

"Papa papa utho na... Diya ko aapka makeup kalna hai." _Diya said shaking him vigorously by his shoulders._

Daya opened his eyes and looked at diya awkwardly.

"What, mera makeup? Oh diya, you must be kidding, right. Beta men don't do makeup. Jao aap apna makeup kar lo." _Daya said trying to avoid the upcoming disaster_.

Diya again made a face, "papa... You don't love me!" _She was about to cry._

Daya reluctantly got up and sat straight in the bed, "are meri maa, theek hai, aao Karo Jo Karna hai." _He surrendered himself before her little princess. Because he can't see tears in her eyes._

Diya became happy. She opened the kit and started applying each and every cosmetic, Lipstick, kohl, eyeliner, eye shadows, blush, foundation, mascara, lip gloss and all over daya's sleepy face and soon turned him into a clown.

After finishing, she started laughing at him covering her mouth.

Daya glared at him, "why are you laughing han? Ab main aapka makeup karunga, come here." _And soon daya too was done. But the difference was that diya was looking extremely cute and beautiful just like her mother, and daya was not less than any funny clown._

"Now what?" _Daya asked looking at her._

"Now... Chelfie" _she exclaimed in happiness grabbing daya's cellphone._

"Like mother like daughter" _daya murmured. like shreya, little Diya too was a selfie addict. _

She had got extreme beauty in heritage from her beautiful mother and she knew how to adore it. She knew that she is pretty and she never missed an opportunity to capture her beauty.

She turned the selfie camera on and posed with daya. She clicked some really adorable selfies.

"Now done, selfie bhi le liya, ab kya main so sakta hu madam?" _Daya asked her with politeness._

Diya nodded her head. She got busy in filtering the pics. She was an expert in doing that, and all the credit goes to shreya.

It was evening till now. The doorbell rang.

"Mumma aa gayi... Mumma aa gayi" _diya jumped in happiness._

She went and opened the door. Shreya entered and was surprise seeing diya's appearance.

"Aww... Diya, my baby! Missed you! Ye kisne kiya?" _Shreya asked about her makeup._

"Papa ne" _diya told happily._

"Oh wow... That's great! Lagta hai bahut masti ki aapne papa ke sath milkar han, but where is he? Daya... Daya... Kaha ho aap?" _Shreya asked moving inside_.

"idhar hu main." _Daya said coming outside_.

Shreya turned and looked at him. Her eyes became wider. She looked at him from head to toe.

"Oh my God? Who are you?" _She screamed._

"Shreyaaaa...its me yaar!" _Daya said almost crying._

Shreya started laughing loudly. She shared a hi-five with diya and continued laughing at him.

"Han han has lo has lo.. You both are so bad! Shreya tumne aisa kyun kiya mere sath. I know tum kisi funeral me nahi gayi thi. Tumne aisa jaanbujhkar kiya na. Tumhe pata bhi hai, diya ne mera kya haal kiya aaj" _daya said complaining like a kid._

"Oh come on daya, sara din ghar pe baithkar kar kya rahe the aap? Ek choti si bachhi ko nahi sambhal sakte?" _Shreya said taunting at him._

"Shreya, I am sorry for that. Aaj mujhe pata chal gaya ki chote bachho ko sambhalne ka matlab kya hota hai. I salute you mothers for that." _He said giving shreya a salute._

Shreya's heart melted at this. She went and hugged daya, "aww... I am sorry daya! But you really did a good job. And practice makes a man perfect, right diya?" _She asked winking at diya._

"Lite mumma" _she said smiling._

"Shreya, bahut practice ho gayi, ab aur nahi please!" _Daya said kneeling in front of her._

"Umm...theek hai, uske liye aapko hum Jo bole wo repeat Karna hoga aur aapne us din meri insult ki, uske liye aapko umm..." _She turned to diya_, "diya kya punishment du papa ko?"

"Sit ups" _diya suggested._

"Yeah, cool... Chaliye 100 sit ups_..." Daya made a crying face_, "ok ok only 50.." _Shreya showed some mercy._

Daya started the sit ups.

"Good, ab humare sath boliye." _Shreya said looking at diya._

"Shreya, I am sorry"

Daya said so.

"Women are great."

Daya repeated the same

"and men are..." _Shreya tried to find a word._

"Men aal fools" _diya suggested her mother._

Daya repeated the same. He completed 50 sit ups and sat on the floor.

"Huhh...you girls are so bad, you both don't love me" _he said acting like crying._

Shreya and diya both came and hugged him.

"No...we love you" _shreya said patting his head ._

"Yes papa, we love you, you aal the best" _diya said kissing his cheeks._

Daya pulled both of them in a hug, "my beautiful ladies, I love you both too."

"Papa chelfie..." _Diya said holding daya's cellphone. Trio posed and diya clicked a beautiful selfie._

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A/N: that's allâ€¦I really enjoyed writing it, hope you guys too enjoyed while reading this OS.

And yes, want to share a bad news, I got today, some of you might have got the information that Sachin, Nikhil and Jaywanti are quitting the show. Its really hard to believe. I am neutral about Jaywanti but surely gonna miss Sachin and Nikhil. Let's see who are the new entriesâ€¦

Will be back soon with new updates of all my stories, till thenâ€¦

Stay tuned, and ..

Keep loving Dareya 3

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Aapki

Geet

End
file.